

# Children's Newspaper

Every Tuesday—Threepence

FOUNDED BY ARTHUR MEE

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## PRELUDE TO GREATNESS When Young Winston Churchill Won His Way to Freedom

MR WINSTON CHURCHILL has just given to the world his dramatic historical account of the year 1940, which in honour of the British people he has chosen to call *Their Finest Hour*. It was also Mr Churchill's finest hour, when he revealed himself as the greatest war leader Britain has ever had. His life, in fact, has been crammed with adventures, and one of the earliest has been recalled by the death in Australia of a man who was proud to tell of the part he played in it.

The man was Mr Robert Eadie, who died at the age of 86 at Healesville in Victoria. He was also well known to students of Natural History as the man who first brought a duck-billed platypus from its native haunts and kept it alive in captivity.

At 26 he had left Australia for South Africa, there to continue his work, which was connected with coal-mining. Ten years later came the South African War and his association with the escape of Mr Churchill from captivity.

### The Escaped Prisoner

Mr Eadie was at that time living in the Transvaal, which was then an independent Boer republic ruled by President Kruger.

Entirely by his own courageous efforts young Winston Churchill, who had been captured by the Boers, escaped from Pretoria. He hoped to stow away in goods trains and travel to the neutral territory of Portuguese East Africa, but he found the trains did not travel at night. He was plodding wearily along the railway track in the darkness when he saw two fires in the distance. Thinking there might be Kaffirs there who would help him, he made his way towards them, but found they were the furnaces of engines working a coal-mine, round which there were houses.

In his book, *My Early Life*, (published by Odhams Press, Ltd) Mr Churchill describes his fix.

He dared not ask help of any white people for they were nearly all Dutch-speaking and would hand him over to the Transvaal authorities. But he had heard that a handful of British people

had been allowed by the Boers to remain at the coal-mines to keep them working. He decided to chance it and knocked on the door. His heart fell when a voice answered, "Wer ist da?"

However, the householder turned out to be Mr John Howard, the mine manager, who was working there with four other British men. "You have come to the only house for 20 miles where you would not have been handed over," Mr Howard told him.

Mr Howard and his British assistants had to hide him at once, for there were Dutch-speaking servants in the house. There was already a hue and cry after the escaped young prisoner, and the house had been visited by a suspicious Boer officer.

Mr Churchill's new friends hid him that night in a disused part of the mine—where white rats ate his candle—and, later, gave him a less gloomy hiding-place behind some packing-cases.

### Smuggled Away

Then his helpers devised a scheme for smuggling him to neutral territory. A large consignment of wool was to be sent in two or three railway trucks to Lourenço Marques on the coast, and the trucks were to start from the railway siding near the mine.

Among these bales, at night, the adventurous young Englishman was hidden, together with food and drink, and a tarpaulin was fastened over the top of the truck.

His next ordeal would be when the train reached Komati Poort,

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## Holiday Camp That Differs DAYS AND NIGHTS IN THE WILD

JULY is a grand month for South African children, because it is the time when parents choose to take them to visit the Kruger Game Reserve.

The Reserve is open to the public from May to October; for the rest of the year it is closed to visitors because it is the breeding season. But the winter months in South Africa are ideal for visiting the Lowveld in which the Reserve stands, and July is the best of all.

The Kruger National Park, in the Eastern Transvaal, is about 200 miles long and 40 broad. It is typical bushveld or shady parkland cut at regular intervals by great tributaries of the Limpopo River.

The various points of entry to the Reserve are guarded by police and game wardens, who issue licences to visit the famous park and who also inspect the gun the visitor is allowed to carry. This is sealed by the warden and the seal may only be broken in case of emergency.

### Two Rules

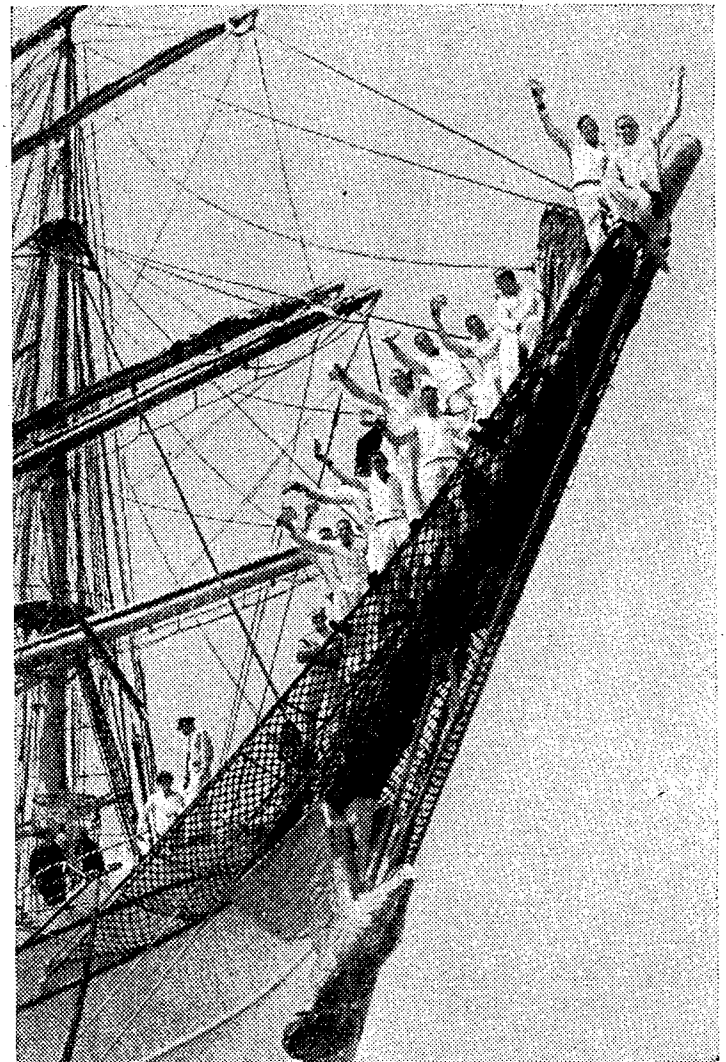
As the Reserve has a huge population of lions, elephants, buffaloes, wild pigs, antelopes, baboons, giraffes, hippos, and smaller flesh-eating animals, some precaution against sudden attack is advisable. But no accident has yet occurred in the Reserve, and none is likely if visitors observe two rules. The first is to travel at not more than 25 miles per hour along the roads. The other is not to leave the car; lions do not associate motor-cars with human beings.

Once within the Reserve, a lovely holiday is spent simply by making one of the camps a headquarters and visiting the surrounding country to see the animals under natural conditions. The lions walk peacefully along and across the roads; giraffes browse calmly off tree tops, elephants stare at you 50 yards away. Thousands of antelopes—kudu, tsessebe, impala, duiker, steenbuck, eland—cross and recross the veld or dart in and out among the trees. Baboons swing in the branches. Hippos laze in quiet lagoons.

### Round the Camp Fire

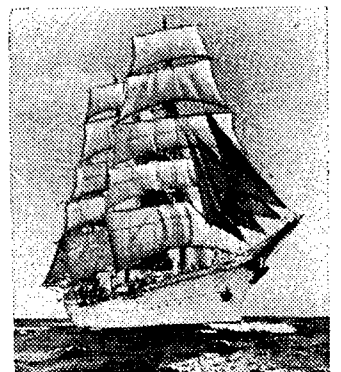
In the camps there are furnished grass-thatched huts available at small cost to visitors. There are hot and cold shower baths and everybody has a camp fire outside the hut for picnic meals. July is a rainless month in the Lowveld and the nights are delightfully warm. Happiest time of the day is after the evening meal, when campers gather round huge fires and recount the day's adventures.

When schools in South Africa begin a new term in August thousands of happy pupils return to their classrooms with marvellous tales of adventure.



## BARQUE COMES TO TOWN

The US Coast Guard Academy barque *Eagle* and the cutter *Campbell*, with 360 cadets aboard, moored recently in the Thames at Stepney. Above, some of the cadets wave a greeting from the *Eagle* on their arrival, and on the right is the *Eagle* under full sail. She was formerly a German training ship.



## FRUIT FROM THE SURF

THE other day beachcombers at Avalon, New South Wales, got the surprise of their lives. They saw some strange objects like cannon-balls being washed up through the surf. They turned out to be jam melons, hundreds of them, and in perfect condition for eating.

This mass of drift-fruit was not cargo from a wrecked ship. The melons had floated some fifty miles from the upper reaches of the Hawkesbury River, having been washed away from the farms by the heavy floods which had afflicted that area.

The beachcombers helped themselves to the fruit as it came ashore.

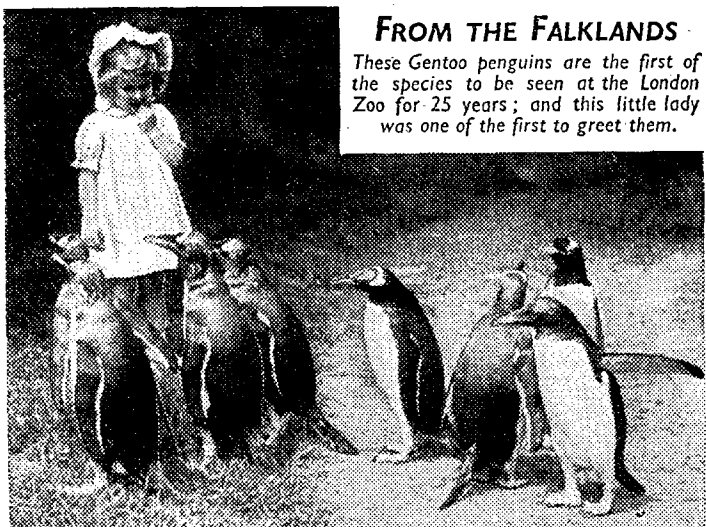
## A Lone Balloon's Atlantic Hop

LONGFELLOW's beautiful song, "I shot an arrow into the air, It fell to earth, I know not where," might have had a modern counterpart composed by the people who, not long ago, released a gas-filled balloon from the Odeon Cinema, Bromley, Kent.

Longfellow's arrow was found "Long, long afterwards, in an oak"; the Bromley balloon was found some five days later on a hill near Toronto, about 3000 miles away. It is believed that the wandering gas-bag was carried by an anticyclone across the Atlantic by way of Western Ireland and the Azores.

## FROM THE FALKLANDS

These Gentoo penguins are the first of the species to be seen at the London Zoo for 25 years; and this little lady was one of the first to greet them.





# The Struggle to Make OLEGAS GOES TO Ends Meet NEW ZEALAND

THE financial experts of America and the European countries which are receiving Marshall Aid have been at great pains recently to produce a scheme which will enable trade between the Old World and the New to flow to their mutual benefit.

As far as this country is concerned the main worry continues to be the shortage of dollars, without which Britain will be unable to supply her people and her factories with all the food and raw materials she needs. As vast quantities of these supplies of food and raw materials come from the United States, it is clear that we need large dollar funds to pay for them.

In normal times we pay for our imports from the American Continent by sending there, in return, large exports. To enable Britain and her neighbours in Europe to overcome their economic difficulties before exports grow sufficiently large the American Government launched the Marshall Aid Plan.

The main purpose of the Marshall Plan was to supply dollars—partially as a gift—to help Europe to buy goods in the United States or other dollar countries; and, secondly, to stimulate trade between European countries so as to reduce

their dependence on America.

Now, despite the fact that a well-conceived plan has been in operation for well over a year, difficulties have arisen because of a "recession" in American economy. Recession is really a new—or, perhaps, gentler—name for an economic crisis which has been distinctly developing in the United States since last autumn. Its results have been a rise in unemployment and a decided drop in sales of all kinds of commodities from cars to hair-pins.

## Falling Sales

This is an important matter for Britain because her main commercial aim is to increase exports to America to the utmost. Britain's sales in the United States, however, have actually been falling; with it her dollar income has also been reduced. This has widened the so-called dollar gap, that is, the difference between the sum of dollars we need and the amount of dollars we can obtain from Marshall Aid and from exports.

It is a serious situation because it leads to a reduction of our imports from that country with serious consequences in our food and industrial situation.

It is around the question of how to expand our exports that the recent argument has developed. The Americans think that our goods are too expensive and have been advising us to devalue the pound. But devaluation is not a step to be taken lightly.

To understand devaluation let us take any British export commodity, say a woollen scarf, and see what happens if the relationship between dollar and pound sterling is changed. A scarf costing 20s in London now costs four dollars in New York. But if the pound were devalued to the extent proposed by some Americans the same scarf would cost a New Yorker only three dollars, for that would be the new buying power of the pound.

## Bridging the Gap

True, some Americans finding British goods cheaper would be more willing to buy them. But would that be sufficient to bridge the gap? Experts agree that it would not. We must not forget that the goods we have to buy in America would, in the event of devaluation, become much dearer—because the pound would then buy only three dollars' worth instead of four. Also, with an American recession under way, can we be sure that the Americans will start buying more British goods, especially luxuries in which our exports excel?

The British Government are therefore firmly against devaluing the pound, and hold that the way out is better productivity to cheapen our goods and an effort to find non-dollar suppliers. They also have to conserve their already sadly-depleted gold reserves. Hence the greater productivity campaign and our agreement with Argentina, as well as efforts to develop Commonwealth sources of foodstuffs which can be paid for on a sterling instead of a dollar basis.

EARLY this month an eight-year-old Lithuanian linguist arrived at Wellington, New Zealand, on board the New Zealand ship Dundalk Bay.

The little fellow can speak, read, and write Lithuanian, German, Russian, and Polish, and can make himself understood in English. He has no parents and does not know his real name nor his actual birthday, but the name given him is Olegas Bigbarovas.

Olegas, who is fair-haired and blue-eyed, was found during the war, when he was only two months old, among a group of Lithuanians who had been driven from their country into Germany. For the last few years he has been in the care of the International Refugee Organisation and it was the Organisation that decided that he and five other orphan children should join a party of nearly a thousand homeless or "displaced" people who were sailing at the end of May from Trieste to New Zealand.

During the voyage to New Zealand all the passengers attended classes where they learned about life in New Zealand and were taught a little English. Little Olegas was much in demand, for most of the passengers—who were of many nationalities—could not speak English.

## Prelude to Greatness

Continued from page 1

on the Transvaal frontier, where Boer officers would probably make a thorough search in it.

Inside the truck, Mr Churchill found himself in a little tunnel which had been cunningly left for him between the bales of wool. At one end of it was a tiny chink in the side of the truck through which he could peep out. The goods train started and lumbered on its way across the vast expanse of Transvaal. The resourceful stowaway had previously learned by heart the stations they were to pass, and as they steadily drew nearer Komati Poort he could not help his anxiety increasing.

The goods train puffed languidly to a halt at Komati Poort and, peeping out, Mr Churchill could see several trains there. Outside, people moved up and down his train shouting, whistling, and talking in Dutch. He lay flat between his bales and covered himself with sacking.

Three hours passed and the tarpaulin of the truck above him was not moved. Had the search still to come? He wanted to go to sleep, but was afraid he might snore, so he tried to keep awake and fell fast asleep!

When he awoke with a start the train was still there and he wondered desperately if it would be left there for weeks. But at last with a bang and a jolt it started and slowly crawled on again—Komati Poort was passed! At the next station he wanted to cheer when he saw the uniform caps of Portuguese officials.

That afternoon the train reached Lourenço Marques, and he left by steamer that evening for Durban in Natal where a large crowd gave him one of the first of the many enthusiastic welcomes he was to receive in his eventful life.

# NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

## Victory Thrush

A thrush has been seen at Evesham, Worcestershire, with a white "V" on its back.

A new British ship of 560 tons, with a speed of 12 knots, the *Lady Wright*, is to be used for service on the Gambia River soon. The vessel will have accommodation for nearly 300 passengers and 150 tons of cargo, and will have its own hospital, post office, and bank.

The number of hospital nurses in Britain today is 137,600, an increase of 5600 in the last six months.

An International Camp for Handicapped Scouts, the first of its kind, is being held this week and next at Lunteren in Holland. Twenty British Scouts are attending the camp, which is known as Agoon, a Greek word meaning a collection, competition, or meeting.

## CANNED BANANAS

The supply of bananas has been exceeding the demand in Queensland, so much of the fruit is being canned for export, a new venture for which ready markets are expected in Britain and Canada.



Two unusual playmates—Gravy, the cat, and Chuck, a fledgling robin—seen at a Children's Pet Show in New York.

The Ciba Foundation for the promotion of International Co-operation in Medical and Chemical Research has been opened at 41 Portland Place, London. Ciba Limited is a Swiss commercial organisation. The trustees of the London centre are Lord Beveridge, Lord Horder, Professor Adrian, and Mr Raymond Needham.

An international school in Copenhagen, Denmark, is to be named after Count Bernadotte, the Swede who was assassinated in Palestine.

Robert Mitchell, aged 17, of Lurgan, Co Antrim, Northern Ireland, has been awarded the Boys' Brigade Cross for Heroism for his very gallant attempt to save a workmate when a furnace erupted.

## HOT MUSIC

In the village of Funningley, Yorkshire, not long ago, a record being played on a radiogram melted, lights went out, and irons and cookers became overheated, because a transformer connector on the overhead cables burnt out and increased the voltage.

The Governor-General of Canada's literary award, for the best all-round book for boys and girls published in Canada last year, has been given to Mr Roderick L. Haig-Brown, for his book *Saltwater Summer*.

A picture painted by Mr Winston Churchill was sold for £1312 recently.

About 300 roach, many of them weighing more than one pound, were found in the open-air swimming pool at Rickmansworth, Hertfordshire, when it was drained recently. The pool is connected to the River Chess and the fish probably found their way in during the winter.

## Iron Rations

The direction-finding apparatus at an aerodrome near Lyons, France, failed to operate not long ago, and engineers could find no fault; then a camel was discovered chewing the aerial wires.

At Derby a new type of diesel locomotive is under construction, in which the power from the engines is transmitted mechanically to the wheels instead of electrically. It is capable of a speed of 84 m.p.h.

Passages to Britain and Europe have been booked by 45,000 Canadians this summer.

A partly-blind telephone operator in Port Elizabeth, South Africa, has in eighteen months learned 600 telephone numbers by heart.

## MORE PORK

The first of the British Food Corporation's pig-raising farms has been established in Queensland, Australia. A further 200 farms are to be started from which it is hoped to export 500,000 pigs a year to England.

The number of cars in proportion to the population in Southern Rhodesia is probably higher than anywhere else in the world. There is now one motor vehicle to every 2.65 persons. British cars in the Colony are rapidly overhauling those of American manufacture.

World Health Day is to be celebrated every year on April 7.

## Purple Patch

Purple marble has been found near Bad Landeck, Germany. This marble is very rare and was thought only to exist in Greece.

The first Government of an independent Viet Nam has been formed at Saigon, but the Emperor, Bao Dai, proposes to make Hanoi his capital.

A machine has been developed in America which, it is claimed, can distinguish 10 million colours.

## The Price of War

Of all Berlin's schoolchildren, one tenth are war orphans.

The *Princess Patricia*, a new 6000-ton ship for coastal service in North America, recently made the 9626-mile journey from the Clyde to Victoria in British Columbia in the record time of 21 days 13 hours.

Season tickets to view Britain's ancient monuments and buildings are to be issued soon; they will cost £1 and will admit two people.

## PROGRESS

Britain, with fewer coal-miners than before the war, is the only country in Europe to have raised her coal output per man-shift to prewar level.

It is hoped to publish next week results of the first two competitions in our new weekly series.



## School For Excavators

YOUNG people from all parts of the country will be going late this month to one of the first "schools" of its kind ever organised.

It is a training course for students of archaeological field work and it will be directed by Dr R. E. M. Wheeler, former Director of the Institute of Archaeology, London University.

An important site has been chosen for the students' excavation at the old second-century city of Verulamium, near St Albans in Hertfordshire.

"We are going to uncover an old Roman temple," Dr Wheeler told the C.N. "It is one of a line of temples flanking a

marketplace and as yet it has lain untouched. This marketplace, or forum, is the only example of its kind known in this country, as it is usually shops or buildings that we find along the side."

During the excavation many of the students will live under canvas near the site.

Some of the work will be of the "barrow and shovel" order, but as the original levels are reached smaller tools will be used and great care taken in the removal of soil. At certain stages of a "dig," small scalpels and even penknives are used, and bones left on their site are often brushed with tiny paint-brushes.



### Invaders

As mentioned in last week's C.N., Northmen are to "invade" England again. Two of the chief oarsmen are here seen rehearsing in their historic costume.

## A Problem For Walt Disney

BRITISH Bobby Driscoll, who is eleven years old, has arrived in England from America to play Jim Hawkins in Walt Disney's film of Treasure Island.

Before filming begins Bobby and his experts will be called upon for the task of correcting their famous author, for in the book from which play and film are taken, Robert Louis Stevenson has made an astounding blunder.

Early in the story there occurs the death of Billy Bones, the brown old seaman with the sabre-scar, who owns the chart of the treasure island. Now on page 35 of the volume, the author says Bones lies as he has fallen, "face foremost to the floor." There he is left, unmoved and untouched for the time being, yet, five pages later, Stevenson makes Jim Hawkins say, "He lay as we had left him—on his back."

So the film-makers must decide whether Bones lies face uppermost or face downwards when the search of his belongings begins and the key of the sea-chest is found.

## HOLDING UP THE MAIL

A POSTMAN approaching a letter-box to empty it at Kelsale in Suffolk not long ago, got a shock when he heard a frantic buzzing. Bees were swarming inside the box and he wisely left the letters for a later collection. A similar thing happened on the other side of Britain, at Merthyr-mawr in Glamorgan, where a postman had to leave Welsh bees to their pillar-box conference.

A third postman, at Swannington in Leicestershire, however, was pleased to find that a front-door letter-box had come back into service—the robin redbreast family that had been reared there had flown away.

## Last of the Grain Races?

WHAT seems likely to be the last of the famous sailing ship grain races is now in progress. At the beginning of last month the two barques Pamir and Passat set out from Port Victoria, in South Australia, on their long voyage to England.

Carrying between them about nine thousand tons of grain, they first sailed south till they were almost within sight of the pack ice of the Antarctic. This route is chosen in order to get into the track of the steady westerly winds as soon as possible. Thereafter their way lies across the South Pacific and round by the wind-swept Horn, the traditional route of all windjammers from Australia. If by chance they fail to make contact with the westerlies they will probably turn east and beat round the Cape of Good Hope.

Neither of the ships is fitted

with long-distance wireless, so we shall have to depend for news of them on a passing vessel which may sight the tall-masted barques. It may be, indeed, that there will be no further word of them until they come proudly up the English Channel about three months after they started.

About a generation ago such races were common. Immediately after the Australian grain harvest the sailing ships, their holds crammed with a golden cargo, would come crowding out of Port Victoria carrying every possible stitch of canvas in the effort to beat their competitors home. Naturally the first cargo of grain to reach England could command the highest price.

Neither the Pamir nor the Passat is likely to equal the record of the fleet Hertzogin Cecilie, which many years ago took 86 days for the passage.

## Television For the North

THE Postmaster General has recently announced plans for a television transmitting station to serve the North of England.

At present the Alexandra Palace station serves the London area and much of the South of England, and regular transmission is expected to begin in November for the Midlands from the new Sutton Coldfield station near Birmingham. Now the Postmaster General has been asked by the B.B.C. to approve a station site at Holme Moss, near Huddersfield, Yorkshire.

A short time ago the B.B.C. notified the Holmfirth Urban District Council that it was proposing to purchase 150 acres of land in their area. On this site, on the top of a moorland hill, the new station will be 1880 feet above sea level. Holme Moss is one of the bleakest parts of the Pennines, sometimes snowbound.

## GRIM ORIGIN

MRS M. SIMMONS of Eastbourne, writing recently to the Daily Graphic, asked why in the game of Ring-a-Ring-of-Roses we say "Tishoo! Tishoo! We all fall down!"

The editor replied that the line "We all fall down," commemorates the Black Death, the plague which spread from the East in the 14th century and wiped out over one-third of the population of England alone.

Many of our nursery rhymes have strange origins, often of a political character.

## Old Home of a Coloniser

IN Wellington, capital of New Zealand, a house where Edward Gibbon Wakefield lived and died has been bought as a memorial to this Englishman who devoted his life to colonising New Zealand.

Part of the building will become the clubrooms of the New Zealand Founders' Society, members of which are descendants of the early colonists.

In 1839 the New Zealand Company, under the inspiration of Wakefield, sent out ships to take the first colonists to the new settlement of Wellington. Later several more settlements were founded under "the Wakefield plan."

Wakefield became a member of the first New Zealand Parliament. He suffered many disappointments, and his last years were clouded by ill health.

Now, more than 80 years after his death, his home in the city he helped to found will be a shrine for all who realise the good work of Edward Gibbon Wakefield.

## THREE RACES

TANGANYIKA, the British Trusteeship Territory, has taken one of its first steps on the road to a greater share in running its own affairs. Its first Provincial Council, composed of official and unofficial members, was opened recently at Mwanza, Lake Province.

There are nine unofficial members: two Europeans, two Indians, and five Africans. "Your members are drawn from the three principal races which make up the people of this Territory," wrote the Governor in a special message to the new Council.

## The Blue Ribbon of Our Athletes

NO honour means more to our amateur athletes than an A.A.A. championship. The "Three A's" championship meeting is being held at the White City, in London, on Friday and Saturday this week, when Britain's leading athletes will be competing.

The first annual "Three A's" championship meeting was held in July 1880 at Lillie Bridge, Fulham. There were more than 80 entries from all parts of Britain, and although bad weather caused a financial loss the committee felt that their efforts had met with success. The very next year, at Birmingham, the A.A.A. championships drew large crowds and produced a profit of nearly £326. The future of the annual meeting was assured and since that time the height of every athlete's ambition has been to win an Association title.

This week-end all the leading British runners, walkers, jumpers, and weight, javelin, and discus stars will give of their very best before a crowd of enthusiasts which is expected to approach 50,000.

## A BRIDGE MOVES

MOST Londoners will remember the emergency bridge that spanned the River Thames during the war between Westminster and Charing Cross. Now the bridge is in use on another river nearly 5000 miles away.

The bridge spans the 300-foot-wide River Kafue in Northern Rhodesia and replaces a floating pontoon which has been used for the past 12 years.

On September 8 the Governor of Northern Rhodesia, Sir Gilbert Rennie will accept the bridge as a gift from the Beit Trustees.



## Down on the Farm

Boys of Harrow School who are interested in agriculture are more than willing to lend a hand on the school farm. Here we see some of them setting off for an afternoon's work.



4  
OUR FILM CRITIC GIVES HIS CANDID OPINION OF . . .

## The Christopher Columbus Picture

It is not surprising that the American film studios have fought shy of tackling a screen biography of Christopher Columbus. It is a most difficult subject.

Columbus had to endure many years of disappointment before he was able to persuade Queen Isabella of Spain to finance his expedition to discover whether there was a sea-route to the Orient by way of the Western seas. Now, with the help of the American star, Fredric March, in the title part, Sydney Box has made Christopher Columbus in lavish Technicolor for the Rank Organisation. It must have been a most expensive picture to make, and judged even by the most costly Hollywood standards, it is elaborate and sumptuous.

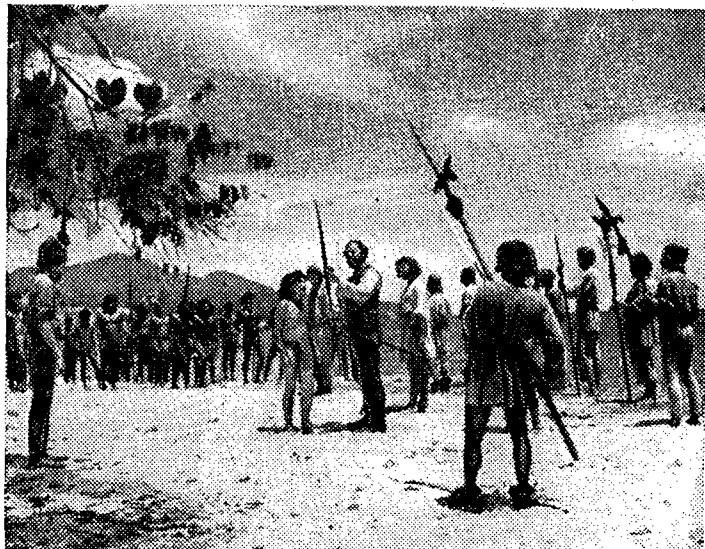
The problem for Mr Box and his director, David Macdonald, was to make the story interesting, and in this they have succeeded only moderately well, and how far they have done this by inventing incidents to fill in Columbus' six dreary years at the Spanish court, it is hard to tell. Francis L. Sullivan, who must be getting tired of such roles, is the principal obstructor. At the meetings of the Royal Commission (it sat for over three years)



Columbus puts his plans before the Royal Commission

of their partnership when they did not have one song accepted, they won a tremendous stage and screen success and most of the picture is devoted to the reconstruction, with large choruses and colourful settings, of their most popular numbers, among them Manhattan, Mountain Greenery and The Blue Room.

Hart was a restless, kindly, generous, irresponsible person, and Mickey Rooney is given a



Members of the Santa Maria's crew encounter natives—a scene from Christopher Columbus

he is always finding new arguments against the journey and, when America has been discovered, he manages to get Columbus disgraced and sent home in chains to Spain. Columbus is forbidden to return to the New World, and so he dies.

The first voyage to the west is well and excitingly done. So are the celebrations at the Spanish court when Columbus returns in triumph. The dialogue all through is forceful and natural. The final sequence depicting the visions of Columbus on his death bed is not altogether happy, but on the whole this is an honest, well-intentioned picture which is often very good to look at.

MGM have followed up Easter Parade with another elaborate and tuneful musical, Words and Music, based on the lives of the American song-writing team, Richard Rodgers (played by Tom Drake) and Lorenz Hart (Mickey Rooney).

There is not much of a story to tell. After the first two years

chance to act—the only one in the film—and he brings the character to life. The music is the thing and June Allyson, Perry Como, Judy Garland, Lena Horne are here with Mickey Rooney to sing and dance.

Words and Music cannot fail to make a popular appeal.

The latest issue of The Modern Age is Will Europe Think? and, philosophically, it is one of the very best of the series. At present Europe is divided into two great sections—East and West—and all responsible Western statesmen are appealing for unity in the West. The camera ranges over many countries and the selections have been well chosen. Will Europe Think? is a film to see and to think about. ERIC GILLET

**Make Sure of  
NEXT WEEK'S CN  
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## ARE WE USING TOO MUCH WATER?

BRITAIN'S long dry spell has caused much anxiety to farmers, water engineers, and others.

Yet our climate provides ample supplies of water for all purposes if only we could prevent more of it from running to waste. The annual rainfall averages 39 inches and has never fallen below 15 inches. But rainfall of only one inch per year would supply—if it could all be collected—sufficient for over a hundred gallons a day for everyone! (They use as much as this in some American cities.) An inch of rain falling on an acre of ground represents about 100 tons of water!

As a nation we are getting fonder of water. Habits of greater cleanliness, swimming baths, and street cleansing are all using more. The small English country town uses from 18 to 20 gallons per head of the population. In large cities, this rises to 35 or even 40 gallons, because of the more extensive public services and the greater use of water for factories. Liverpool, for example, uses nearly 36 gallons per head, and London nearly 40.

### Tapping the Lakes

In order to provide this volume of water, modern cities must have facilities for storing vast quantities. Manchester and the satellite towns she supplies need between them anything up to 85 million gallons a day. But water engineers have to be prepared for droughts lasting from 70 to 100 days. That is why the Longdendale Valley scheme, with its six dammed reservoirs covering a total area of 497 acres, was found quite inadequate for Manchester's needs. They trap a mere 4160 million gallons between them.

So Manchester adopted Thirlmere, which could trap twice the amount—8100 million gallons—from which fifty million gallons could be pumped daily to the city from distant Cumberland.

The chain of lakes in Central Wales which were tapped by the Elan Viaduct for the benefit of Birmingham can store a total of 17,960 million gallons.

London is fortunate in having two rivers—the Thames and the Lea—from which most of its water supplies can be taken. But when the Metropolitan Water Board was formed in 1902 to take over the eight existing companies, it had to be prepared to supply a population of eight million over an area of 550 square miles. That requires 280 million gallons a day, and needs a storage capacity of 12,000 million gallons.

### A Cheap Luxury

Yet in spite of these huge figures, the cheapness of the luxury of tap water is one of the marvels of modern civilisation. The total receipts from all the water undertakings in England, Scotland, and Wales amount to no more than £24,500,000 a year—or about 11s 3d for each of us.

We should remember some of these figures in these thirsty days when we are tempted to have an extra cold shower or to leave the hose playing on the lawn. Our thoughtfulness now may save someone a great deal of inconvenience later in the year.

## Factories in the Very Heart of the Mountains

NORWAY, with an eye to the future, has no fewer than 17 hydro-electric power stations under construction, all under mountains.

Some idea of the immensity of these projects can be gathered from the fact that the power station situated at Rjukan in Central Norway involves the removal of some 1,200,000 tons of rock, and requires the daily labour of 800 men who have been working on the task for over 18 months. Likewise, one of the conduit tunnels carrying the water to the turbines will be ten miles long, while the hall in which the generating and transforming plant will be installed will be 600 feet long with a "ceiling" at least 200 feet thick.

### Many Experiments

Another power station, to be built for the Vinestra Power Company of Oslo, will be located some 3000 feet under a mountain, and will cost about £1,500,000 for excavations alone. It is planned to have this power station in full operation in 1954.

This idea of installing power stations and industrial undertakings under mountains is not new, various nations—including Britain, Norway, Sweden, Germany, and Switzerland—having experimented with it for some years. In Sweden, numerous factories and industrial plant have been built in dry granite mountains.

Some of these were built during the war, for the manufacture of precision instruments, aircraft, and textiles. From experience gained of operating and working in these underground factories it has been proved beyond doubt that they possess great advantages. Installation costs are usually higher than for a similar undertaking built above ground, but practically every other cost is lower. The cost of the site, for instance, is negligible. Maintenance costs, lighting, heating, and ventilation are nearly 50 per cent less than in an equivalent above-ground installation. Depreciation of the plant and "buildings" from weather conditions is almost non-existent.

It is an astonishing fact, too, that in the Swedish underground factory making precision instruments it has been found that the metals do not rust, the delicate

instruments not even needing greasing, as they do periodically in above-ground factories. Similarly, while textiles stored underground remained moth-proof, leather goods were found to retain their initial softness and to be proof against mould.

The control of temperature and ventilation in these underground factories has ensured a dust-free air with the right degree of humidity all the time, with beneficial effect on the health of the workers. Another unusual feature of some of these Swedish factories is that, except in the coldest days of winter, no heating is required, though in the warmer months the air has to be cooled by special plant.

Norwegian industrial experts, having studied these Swedish underground factories with keen interest, are planning to build similar undertakings in their own country, which is deeply affected by the shortage of industrial sites near its larger cities and towns. Bergen's city engineer, for instance, is studying this problem very closely, and has already approved the building of one factory under the mountains close to their hydro-electric power station.

Another Norwegian project is the excavation of vast underground storage halls in the Ekeberg Mountains, near Oslo. If this proves successful, it is likely that the State railways will build part of the city's new central station into this mountain.

## The "Merchant" as a Ballet

WHAT is believed to be the first production of The Merchant of Venice as a ballet was presented recently at Eastbourne by children.

The children, 75 girls, and one boy who danced the part of Shylock, are all between 11 and 15 and are pupils at Bourne Secondary Modern School. Ballet is taught as part of the girls' P.T. classes, but rehearsals, which continued for nearly a year, were all carried out after school hours.

The ballet, devised by the girls' P.T. mistress, was divided into four acts and set to Beethoven's music. Most of the girls made their own costumes.

## BOMB-SITE SCHOOL FOR SCULPTURE



THE student sculptor in the picture is at work in a bomb site in East London which has been used as a dumping ground for blocks of stone dislodged in air-raids. This material is proving very useful to students of Sir John Cass School of Art, who use the place as an open-air studio.

They gain experience in working in different kinds of stone under the instruction of Mr. Bainbridge Copnall, some of whose work decorates the Queen Mary and the Queen Elizabeth. Students come here from all parts of the world.



The Children's Newspaper, July 16, 1949

5

# In Search of New Knowledge of Wild Life of the Marshes

Every week-end, and during the holidays, some 3000 young people go out on bicycles or on foot into the fields and woods to study bird life. They are members of the Junior Bird Recorders' Club, a movement which is growing in popularity, and which is a branch of the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds.

THE young bird-watchers in the pictures on this page are Dennis Owen, aged 18, of Lewisham, London, and his friend Keith Hyatt, 17, of Camberwell. They love to get away from the noisy, crowded streets to the solitude of the breezy Thames marshes in North Kent, there to keep a sharp look-out for different—and often rare—species of birds, whose presence and habits they report to the Club.

They take with them a telescope and field-glasses, and in the picture on the right Keith is seen spotting a bird from an estuary wall while Dennis makes notes of what he describes.

IN another picture is an incident in their adventure with a heron's nest. Dennis had begun to climb up a tall oak tree when there was a great noise of protest from the large but not very elegantly-designed residence at the top. Father heron flew around, flapping his four-and-half-foot wings, while his good lady, in her anxiety, dropped her morning's "shopping," a very damp eel, two-and-half feet long, which she had just fished out of the Thames.

Dennis reached the top, inspected the nest and, afterwards, sent his observations to the Club. They are seen examining a rather astonished junior member of the heron establishment which, after this unusual experience, was very glad to be returned to the nest.

Dennis and Keith are authorities on the bird life of this Thames-side region, and they have the essential quality of keen eyesight which enables them to spot red shanks, wild duck, waders, warblers, bunting, terns, and other kinds of birds.

MEMBERS of the Club are all between eleven and eighteen, and they are scattered all over the country as far as the remote Shetlands. Part of the excitement of their hobby is the chance it gives of being pioneers in Natural History by finding out

something not previously known about a species of bird. There is an example of this in the experiences of a 14-year-old member of the Club, H. Casement, of Winchester College, who won a prize in the Society's Open Essay Competition for young people.

He lives at Petersfield, Hampshire, and specialises on studying snipe. "Some people have asked me," he writes, "'Why do you find the common snipe so interesting? It has no beautiful colouring, no tuneful song, is seldom seen, and is only good for the dinner table.' For me the reason is clear," he answers. "It is essentially a wild bird about which everything is not known and, therefore, it is worth studying."

His patient study was rewarded, for after hours of motionless watching among the reeds, near the nest of a snipe family, he had the thrill of making a discovery. He saw the method by which the birds carry their chicks away from the nest between their



Dennis Owen and Keith Hyatt on the estuary wall



Climbing to the nest of the herons



Looking for nests suitable for inspection in the herony near High Halstow



A baby heron from the nest in the upper picture is here seen being examined before being replaced in the nest

feet and steady them with their long beaks. His Handbook of British Birds had told him that it was not really known how the birds accomplished this feat, so he sent a detailed account of his observations to the Editor of that publication.

ESSAY competitions for all between the ages of 14 and 18 are held every year by the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds, and entries for this year's competition must be sent in by September 30. The subject is: Factors which you consider to be favourable or unfavourable to the successful breeding of birds in your school or home district. The first prize will be a set of the Handbook of British Birds (five volumes), and other prizes will be awarded.

Membership of the Junior Bird Recorders' Club costs a shilling a year. More information about it can be obtained from Miss M. G. Davies, RSPB, 82 Victoria Street, London, S W 1.





### Bulldog Breed

Bimbo of Auburncrest and her four puppies pose for the camera with their young master at Greenwich, London.

## America's Holiday Land

*Here is another peep at life in USA today as seen by a CN correspondent who is on a visit there.*

Just now thousands of American schoolchildren are getting ready to go to the lakes in the green woods of Wisconsin and Minnesota.

These two states are covered with thousands of small lakes, deep, blue, and very cold. They are a favourite holiday ground, and many of the great concrete highways across the United States are alive with families in motor-cars—on the roofs of the cars ride small canoes and tiny speed-boats—all on their way to holidays.

All round the lakes, hidden in the woods so that they do not spoil the beauty, are cabins, log-huts, and rough shacks equipped with all the comforts that Americans usually expect—refrigerator, shower-bath, and sitting-porch. At one lovely lake—Devil's Lake in Wisconsin—which I visited the area had been taken over by the State authorities and had become a State Park. A large log cabin was fitted for community life with indoor games; trails through the woods could be followed on horseback; and here and there in the woods were picnic tables with built fire-places.

Most of the lakes are too cold to swim in until August. Those that are spring-fed are particularly cold, with clear, ice-blue

waters. The fisherman loves the stream-fed lakes, a little muddy with rush-strewn banks and a few dead trees sticking up out of the water. There he will sit in his little boat, hour after hour, and although he seems to catch very little, he is very happy.

A large number of American families are fortunate enough to possess their own lakeside cabins. These can often be bought very cheaply and make ideal spots for family holidays. When the lake is near a city, Father usually dispatches the family to the lake for three months and goes himself from the office at week-ends.

A British visitor to the lake country of America's mid-west misses the high hills of his own Lake District. A hill in America's mid-west is little more than a gentle rise and is usually covered with trees. But the country is so spacious, and there is so much of it, that a few houses near the lakes and the beauty spots do not seem so much out of place as they do in England.

But the great wonder of America's inland holiday area is the number of the lakes. There seems to be one for every family, and there are always to be discovered fresh ones with new beauty and new solitude.

In this land of infinite variety, with every possible mechanical invention to amuse people, the simple delights of the countryside survive and claim the love of many millions year after year.

## HE SAVED THE EXPRESS

DURING the recent cyclonic rains and heavy flooding in New South Wales, Mr Bert Esgate, of Katoomba, suddenly noticed that the water in a storm-water channel near his house was full of earth. He went out to try to trace the source of this large deposit, and he found that it had descended from the nearby railway embankment, which had collapsed, and left the rails suspended in the air.

Mr Esgate dashed indoors, and telephoned to the stationmaster. He was told that the express for Sydney had already left, and would soon be reaching the fatal spot.

With his 20-year-old son Ron, Mr Esgate ran to the railway line about a quarter of a mile away, and then another quarter of a mile toward the oncoming train, which was then in sight.

Ron waved his coat frantically, and both father and son shouted at the top of their voices. The driver of the express saw and heard them, and was able to pull up his train just in the nick of time.

"Thank God you stopped us!" gasped the engine-driver as he looked at the hole.

"I discovered that washaway by a fluke. I think it was God-sent," modestly observed Mr Esgate.

## PILGRIMAGE TO BOSTON

FOR American visitors, Boston in Lincolnshire is a shrine that marks one of the beginnings of their great nation. Here next Sunday, Seamen's Sunday, will come Captain Bachelus, representing the American Ambassador, together with other American visitors, to take part in a service of thanksgiving at Boston Stump (St Botolph's Church).

This Seamen's Sunday celebration, combined with the American Pilgrimage, will commemorate the generous gift of the people of the daughter-city of Boston, Massachusetts, who in 1931 gave 55,000 dollars for the restoration of the famous church tower—called the Stump—and the re-casting of the 14 bells. Boston Stump is 272½ feet high, and for five centuries this highest and loveliest medieval lantern tower in our land has been a guide to travellers by land and sea. And Boston was famous for her seamen for many a century.

Inside the church a window in the north aisle shows Archbishop Cosmo Gordon Lang, who came here in 1931 to receive the princely gift of the new Boston. He is shown with three other archbishops connected with Boston.

### The Puritan Vicar

The new Boston in Massachusetts has long since surpassed the Lincolnshire Boston in size and importance, but Americans never forget the mother town from which came the Puritans, who in 1630 crossed the Atlantic in the wake of the Pilgrim Fathers and gave to the new town its name.

Americans come to see the little Cotton chapel inside the church. This 14th-century chapel was restored by Americans in 1857 as a tribute to John Cotton, the Puritan vicar who served at St Botolph's from 1612 until 1633, when persecution drove him to Boston, Massachusetts, where he became teacher at the First Church. He is often called the Patriarch of New England.

He wrote a catechism quaintly entitled: *Spiritual Milk for Babes, Drawn out of the Breasts of Both Testaments, Chiefly for the Spiritual Nourishment of Boston Babes in Either England, 1646.*

Such earnest, simple, pious Englishmen were the founders of that new nation which is today a stronghold of civilisation.

### Headwear



One of the Nigerian masks in a London exhibition held in connection with Colonial Month.

## The Editor's Table

### PLEASURE FOR ALL

THIS summer more people than ever before are enjoying the fun and freedom of pleasure. We are a hard-working and serious people, and to many foreign observers we appear to take our pleasures seriously too. Yet in the vein which Keats wrote

*Ever let the Fancy roam,  
Pleasure never is at home,*

we like to range widely in our search for enjoyment, though we can also be content with pleasure at its simplest.

*There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,*

*There is rapture on the lonely shore,  
There is society where none intrudes,*

*By the deep sea, and music in its roar.*

THOUSANDS this summer will have a holiday that is paid for as part of their job. This new rule in many industries means that the principles of rest and change are recognised as an essential part of a working life. No one can go on giving his best without some relaxation. Pleasure is necessary to keep life sane and well balanced.

What gives pleasure to one person, however, will not do so to another. Fortunately, in our small group of British Islands there is a range of pleasures within reach of everyone. There is something for all tastes and all desires. The family party happy at Margate or Blackpool is bored in the silence of the Yorkshire Dales. Those who want speed, excitement, and plenty of organised amusements find no pleasure amid the fells and uplands of the north.

BRITAIN, too, is gradually becoming a big open park to roam in. Many a great estate formerly private is now giving pleasure to all instead of the few—and not the least appreciative are our young walkers and cyclists.

Gladly do we welcome the thousands of free and sunny hours that modern youth has for pleasure. We have come a long way from dismal working conditions in the great towns, and from weary, unrelieved hours of toil. Our lot is very different from that of the vast majority of our grandparents.

YET the old truth still stands. The new delights and freedom in our land can only be really enjoyed by those who normally devote their energies to sound work. Upon that foundation these days of high summer will be an enrichment to all and a liability to none.

### ON THE OPEN ROAD

A FOOT and light-hearted I take to the open road,  
Healthy, free, the world before me,  
The long brown path before me leading wherever I choose.

*Wall Whitman*

## Getting to Know the Colonies

IT has been said that Britain acquired her Colonial Empire in "a fit of absence of mind"; but that is certainly not a fit state of mind in which to win the friendship and loyalty of their 60,000,000 inhabitants—and the prosperity of their homelands, which is as essential to us as to them.

Two inexpensive books have just been published (Stationery Office, 1s 6d each) which can tell us a lot about this other Britain. They are: *Introducing the Colonies* and *The Colonies in Pictures*.

They take us round the Colonial Empire and show us our varied fellow-citizens at work, at play, at school, learning to run their own affairs. They give us the answers to many questions such as: Which is the largest, smallest, oldest, and youngest Colony?

These are books that every school will want to possess.

### LEARNING IS BETTER THAN WEALTH

*Gwell Dysg na Golud*, "Learn! is better than Wealth," is the motto of Llandovery College, the Welsh public school which recently celebrated its centenary.

There are, alas, people who scoff at this idea. Yet what is the use of wealth without learning? The ignorant man who makes a lot of money and then tries, generally too late in life, to acquire culture as well, is often a pathetic character. He has discovered that culture is essential to the full enjoyment of life.

We owe a great deal in the way of art galleries, museums, and educational institutions to men who have won great wealth but who lacked educational opportunities in their youth, and who nobly devote their money to enabling others to gain what they themselves can never fully obtain. For learning is something which it is difficult to build up in after-life if its foundations are not laid in youth.

## Under the Ed



PETER PUCK  
WANTS TO KNOW

If nurserymen are ever seedy

AN American cinema has a sound-proof cry-room for babies. Babies can't see anything in it.

DO not wear white shoes if your feet are large. A big mistake.

A TEACHER objects to teaching children history by making them repeat dates. Thinks history should repeat itself.

A BOY says he reads a good many books. How many good books?

WATER the garden only when you have to, says a gardening expert. That is, when father insists.



## VOLUNTARY SERVICE

WE, the British public, received a compliment from the Duchess of Kent when she said to a meeting of the Royal National Life-Boat Institution:

"We should feel proud of the generosity with which the British public has met the greatly increased and still increasing costs of the service."

The Life-Boat Service is one that still depends on our voluntary efforts. This was emphasised by the Prime Minister, who said:

"Among all the distinctive characteristics of this country none is more worthy of notice than the tradition of voluntary service to the community... the Life-Boat Service was initiated, and has been built up and sustained throughout this century and a quarter, by the work and the money freely given by the citizens."

Last year 548 people were rescued by life-boats and 90 by shore boats. Life-boats went to the help of 47 vessels of 13 foreign countries.

## Seals of Sympathy

This penny seal is sold to help to provide a school for children so badly crippled that they cannot be received in any other school. The seals can be obtained from Uncle Mac (of the BBC), Central Council for the Care of Cripples, 12 Whitehall, London, S W 1.



## Happy Combination

A CHEERFUL temper joined with innocence will make beauty attractive, knowledge delightful, and wit good-natured.

Addison

## JUST AN IDEA

As Longfellow wrote, In character, in manners, in style, in all things, the supreme excellence is simplicity.

## litor's Table

IT is useful to talk over your garden problems. Especially if you haven't a fence.

A FATHER says he prefers his son to be a day boy at school. What does he do for the rest of the term?

SWIMMING should be made compulsory for schoolchildren. But they should not go off the deep end.



A CERTAIN mother is always letting out her little girl's frock. No doubt it gets good rents.

## THINGS SAID

ONE of the greatest problems of our time is to find the means by which central planning can be reconciled with the freedom of local authorities, of voluntary associations, and of individuals.

Archbishop of York

I WISH I could get some heckling in Britain. It would be really something to tell my three million parishioners in the States.

Bishop Austin Paydue, from Pittsburgh

No one seems to write adventure books about the sea to capture the young imagination. I joined the Service as a result of reading The Phantom Ship in a boys' magazine.

Captain G. N. Brewer, Director of Naval Recruiting

No power on earth can prevent the British people from making the grade before very long.

Rt Hon J. A. Beasley, speaking in Sydney.

## The Man Who Loved the Heights

IT is sad news that one of our best-known mountaineers, Frank Smythe, has died at the age of 48.

If ever a man loved the high places of the world it was Frank Smythe. Although invalided out of the R A F with a weak heart, he sought the mountains and joined the Kinchinjunga expedition of 1930, about which he wrote a book. Afterwards he was a member of the famous Mount Everest expeditions of 1933, 1936, and 1938.

He had a deep love for the flowers of the mountains. He collected them and even made some of them grow in his English garden. He brought back about 250 Himalayan plants, and his book, The Valley of Flowers, not only beautifully expresses his own love of mountain flowers but is of great value to botanists.

Frank Smythe was an explorer of those rarer beauties which Nature reveals only to bold spirits.

## TAKE CARE WHEN BATHING!

THIS summer's list of people drowned while bathing is lengthening tragically. To take just one example, three lost their lives recently at Scarborough because two were swimming off a part of the beach prohibited to bathers. A beach inspector who rushed into the sea in his clothes to try to rescue them was also drowned.

Lakes and rivers, too, have taken their toll of young life.

All the stories are sadly similar: people who cannot swim or cannot swim well venture into places where the bottom shelves down suddenly; swimmers foolishly ignore notices warning of danger; non-swimmers take out canoes; people bathe in rivers without finding out first whether they are safe.

Thus do holidays end in avoidable tragedy.

## MAP OF THE HEAVENS

ASTRONOMERS at Mount Palomar Observatory, California, are to make a vast photographic map of the Universe in the next four years. "It will constitute an astronomical bible for a century to come," says the President of the Institute of Technology there.

The photographs will be taken by means of the Schmidt tele-



Big Schmidt

scoop, which is not so far-sighted as the new 200-inch Hale telescope, but has a wider angle of view.

## Youth in the Water

WHEN the National Senior Swimming Championships are held at Derby on Wednesday next week, one of the youngest competitors will be 15-year-old Tony Gurr, of East Ham.

Six-foot Tony is considered to be one of England's most promising prospects for Olympic honours. At the East Ham Baths recently he won the Essex County Senior and Junior 100 yards backstroke titles, and lowered the Southern Counties Junior record for the distance by four seconds—with a time of 66.4 seconds. Tony Gurr—who is fast becoming a phenomenal swimmer under the skilful coaching of Mr Harry Hyde, the East Ham Baths superintendent—hopes to be an engineering draughtsman and he does not allow his swimming to interfere with his studies.

Another promising East Ham swimmer is Tony's friend, 15-year-old John Bailey, who recently set up a new 100 yards Southern Counties Junior breaststroke record of 71 seconds, one second less than the previous record.

## SNAKES IN THE RICE

OUT in Sarawak they are constantly at war with the rats which get into the rice stores and do great damage to the stored paddy. One day two pythons were found in a storage area, and further investigation revealed that there were no rats where the reptiles had been.

This fact was brought to the attention of the Controller of Essential Commodities, together with the suggestion that pythons should be supplied to paddy producers as guards for the rice.

Regretfully the Controller had to reject the idea. He explained that pythons are difficult to obtain and that, even when available, the local inhabitants would be likely to steal them for use as food!

## This Smith, a Funny Man Was He

THE author of a humorous book called Rejected Addresses, which not only brought him fame and literary friendships during his life but also gave a phrase to the English language, is being remembered this week, for he died, aged 70, on July 12 a hundred years ago. His name was Horatio Smith, but he was Horace to all his friends—and to posterity.

He and his elder brother, James, were sons of a London solicitor, whom James succeeded, while Horace made his mark as a wealthy member of the Stock Exchange.

During 1812 Drury Lane Theatre was rebuilt after a fire, and its owners offered a prize for the best poetic address to be spoken at the reopening. Wordsworth, Southey, Byron, Scott, Crabbe, and Cobbett were among the competitors—and so was Horace Smith himself.

Learning from the secretary of the theatre that the poems submitted were poor and silly, the two brothers compiled a series of skits, each of them a pretended address by a popular poet of the day. These they called Rejected Addresses, and published them on the day of the theatre's reopening. Their success was immediate and lasting, and the authors won fame at a bound.

A prosperous man, retired at 41, Horace Smith was the centre of a brilliant circle of literary friends, who admired his talents, the novels he wrote, and the generosity of his lovable nature. His novels are not now read but his witty yet serious poem, An Address to a Mummy, has retained its appeal.

Horace was a friend of Keats and Shelley, but never were he and his family happier than when that other humorist, Thackeray, was of their company.

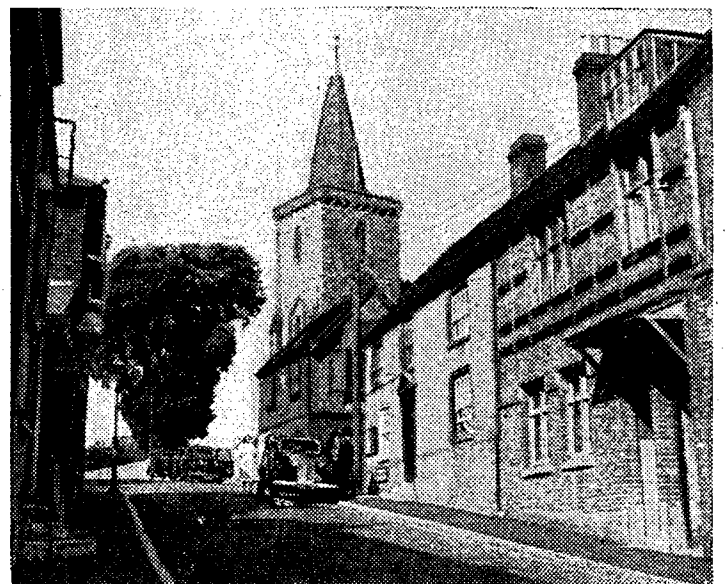
One day Thackeray went to them in trouble, confessing that

## HISTORY UNDER THE OAK

SOMETIMES during the routine work of local government, there comes a reminder of the old days and the old ways.

One day recently the East Ashford Rural District Council agreed to ask for an "order," under the Town and Country Planning Act, which would give them the right to forbid the felling of the "Law-Day Oak" in the tiny village of Bonnington.

This old tree is said to have been planted during the reign of Queen Elizabeth on the spot where another oak had stood for centuries, and under this older tree—and possibly others before it—a Court Leet had been held annually for the choosing of the "borsholders" of the combined parishes of Bonnington and Hamme. The borsholders were parish constables and officials.



THIS ENGLAND

The church and sloping village street at Brading, Isle of Wight



## Lions on the Bowling Green

If a pair of lions jumped over our garden wall we should be thrilled indeed, and after admiring them (for a very short interval) we should run indoors to phone the police; and then run out again to shoot them off father's cabbages (or should we?).

Even in Rhodesia, where the lions live, they usually avoid private gardens, but not long ago a lion and lioness jumped over a garden wall near a suburb of Salisbury, walked round the tennis court, across the bowling green, and then ambled off into the fields where they gave quite a turn to two native women lifting potatoes. A hunt was organised but nothing more was seen of the tawny visitors.

Fetching a policeman would not seem to impress lions either, for last month a pride of lions visited the Goromonzi police camp in Southern Rhodesia, and while most of them prowled about outside, one impudent lion walked right through the camp, passing the stables, within 30 yards of the native quarters.

### Interrupted Chat

While this pride was defying the law, another was killing cattle on a farm only 12 miles from Salisbury, and others went looking for tit-bits round the abattoir adjoining the Chishawasha Mission, 15 miles from Salisbury. They escaped a party of hunters who went out to look for them.

One day recently three natives were sitting gossiping on a bridge over a river when they saw three lions approaching them through the veld. The natives immediately decided on a swim in the river!

It has been suggested that aeroplanes should be used to spot the lions, but the thickness of the bush would make this difficult.

Let us hope the Rhodesian farmers will soon be able to persuade the lions to keep their distance. Meanwhile, British farmers should be thankful they have nothing worse than foxes to contend with.

## Steps to Sporting Fame



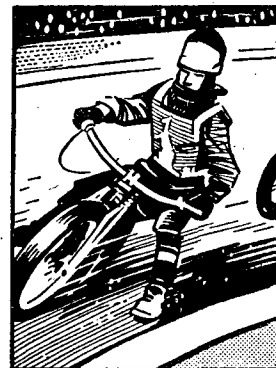
Unknown a year or so ago, 23-year-old Graham Warren, who rides for Birmingham and Australia, is today outstanding in the speedway world.



Son of a sugar company manager, Graham was born in the Fiji Islands, but his parents returned early to Australia. There, young Graham made boyhood idols of the reigning speedway champions.



After the war, Warren began to ride at Sydney. Early last year he arrived in England with only a letter of introduction to recommend him. It made little impression; but at last he was given a chance at Cradley Heath.



He began by setting up a track record, was transferred to Birmingham, was second reserve for Australia in August, and today is an established Test rider. To the crowd he is known as "Mister Dynamite."

## The Ship on the Church

MORE than six centuries ago the inroads of the sea destroyed the town of Shipden, which was on the Norfolk coast near the present town of Cromer. A tradition still lingers that the bells of its church of St Peter can be heard from time to time by the fishermen.

The survey ship H.M.S. Sharpshooter, which has been operating from Cromer for some time, has discovered what may possibly be the pinnacles of this ancient building.

The ship's commander, Captain E. G. Irvine, R.N., the other day told the Revd Arthur Buxton, chairman of Cromer Urban District Council, that he had come across a variety of pinnacles between 200 and 300 yards off the pier. He said that these were at different depths at a spot known as the Church Rock. Although he could touch them with a boat hook, he was unable to ascertain their shape or character.

Mr Buxton remembers having been told by an old resident of Cromer that in 1888 a Great Yarmouth tug, plying as a pleasure boat, became impaled on the ruins of Shipden Church.

### FROM DOWN UNDER

MISS NEW ZEALAND, a 21-year-old New Zealand girl, is sailing for England this week.

Her real name is Mary Woodward; she is a student at Auckland University College, and has been elected as the most typical New Zealand girl in the Dominion from a great number of candidates. The prize is an extensive tour of Britain as the guest of the Royal Air Force Association.

At the special ceremony which made the final selection the New Zealand Minister of Finance Mr Nash, told Miss Woodward that when she is in Britain she must find out when Miss England, Miss Scotland, and Miss Wales would be paying a return visit to New Zealand!

## LITTLE WONDER AND WELSH PONY RUN NO MORE

To read the story of the Festiniog and Welsh Highland Railway in Mr J. I. C. Boyd's recent book, *Narrow-Gauge Rails to Portmadoc* (Oakwood Press, 17s 6d) is to be reminded irresistibly of the quaint and dream-like railways of the artist Emmett, which delight us week by week in the pages of *Punch*.

The tiny Festiniog railway, with its diminutive but smartly-painted locomotives, and its curious box-like coaches, seemed to be something between a toy railway and the real thing. "Take the Toy Train to Fairyland" the Welsh railway advertisements used to say, and as one sat huddled into a small coach while the little train puffed its way over the narrow two-foot-gauge line that led ever deeper into the Welsh hills it seemed indeed that one was on a trip to elfland.

It would have appeared in the nature of things, when the train drew fussily to a halt at one of the hill stations, if a tiny red-capped stationmaster, with prominent pointed ears, had stepped forward on the platform to welcome the passengers. To some folk, however, a sulphurous tunnel suggested another destination.

Strangest of all features of this fascinating railway, perhaps, was Mr Charles Spooner's private coach, which was like no other coach before or since. It was shaped like a boat, and the whimsical owner had painted on it the legend, "Ni l'un ni l'autre" (neither the one thing nor the other).

Yet the Festiniog line had a useful function. It not only carried tourists up into the heart of the Welsh mountains but it

brought slate back from the quarries. It certainly had a great attraction for visitors.

But alas, the tiny trains no longer run on the Portmadoc railway, for it was shut down three years ago. Only the privately-owned Tal-y-Llyn line continues to operate. It is sad to think of these dapper little locomotives, one-time pets of the line, now rusting in disuse: Welsh Pony, which seemed to appear in a fresh and more vivid coat of paint every month; Little Wonder, which proudly bore behind its smoke-stack a large ship's bell to awaken the mountain echoes; and Mountaineer, always a wayward little engine, which one day careered off on its own and left the line as impatient of further restraint.

The railway tracks are still there, but lie rusted and forlorn on the hill-sides. The tiny stations are now empty and desolate, although an occasional one is used as a sheep-fold by the shepherds. It would have been better if the line, rolling-stock and all, had lived up to the tradition of all fairy railways and vanished one day, suddenly and completely, into a Welsh mist.

### A University Jubilee

THE jubilee of the foundation of Ashburne Hall, a hall of residence for women students of the University of Manchester, has just been observed.

Ashburne is the largest hall of residence for women in the country. When it was first founded, 50 years ago, there were only nine women students to reside there; now there are 206 in residence. The jubilee fund of over £1000 is to be used to provide flowering trees and shrubs for the garden and books of general interest for the library.

## ROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS—Jules Verne's Great Story, Told in Pictures

After Jean had knocked Fix down, the detective, to his astonishment, coolly said, "Have you finished? Then come and speak to me." He explained that although he

now had a warrant for Fogg's arrest, he could use it on foreign territory only by getting a writ of extradition, which would take time. However, Fix now believed that

Fogg really was returning to England, so Fix had decided to help him to get there, in order to arrest him on British soil. For he was still convinced that Fogg was a thief.



The steamer arrived at San Francisco, and Mr Fogg now had seven days in which to reach New York and catch the Liverpool boat. He could do it if the train was not delayed. But beyond the Rocky Mountains the train suddenly stopped. A signalman told the guard that the bridge ahead was damaged and the train could not cross it. But the driver said he might be able to rush the train over at full speed!



Jean suggested that the passengers should walk over the bridge and the train follow slowly; then only two men's lives would be risked. But the reckless Americans took no notice of him. They got back into the train, the driver backed it for a mile, then started it forward and drove it at terrific speed towards the bridge, which was over a deep gorge. In his carriage Mr Fogg calmly went on playing whist.



The bridge was passed like a flash of lightning. Nobody saw anything of it. The train seemed to leap from one bank to the other, but scarcely had it passed over when the bridge fell with a tremendous crash into the rapids far below. By that evening the train had travelled 1382 miles in three days. If it reached New York in another four nights and four days Mr Fogg would catch his boat.



They were halfway across Nebraska when wild cries and shots were heard. Sioux Indians were attacking the train which was travelling at 20 m.p.h. The Indians jumped from their horses onto the train. They stunned the engine-driver and fireman, then tried to stop the train, but only made it go faster. They climbed into the carriages and attacked the passengers who fought back with pistols.

**Has Mr Fogg the Slightest Chance of Reaching New York? See Next Week's Instalment**



The Children's Newspaper, July 16, 1949

BILL and JILL, the C N twins, pay a visit to Scarborough



They solve the mystery of . . .

## The Flagpole's Shadow

Told by Frank S. Pepper



**B**ILL, I don't believe you've heard a single word that Uncle Dick has been saying," exclaimed Jill Watson to her twin brother.

Bill gave a guilty start. "Eh? Oh yes, jolly interesting," he said hurriedly. "All about the castle and everything."

"What about the castle?" asked Jill remorselessly.

Bill looked round about him desperately, as if seeking information from the landscape.

The twins were spending a short holiday by the sea at Scarborough.

They were standing on the Scaur, the hill where stood the ruins of Scarborough Castle, separating North Bay from South Bay.

Bill glanced contritely at his uncle.

"I'm sorry," he confessed. "I was thinking about that funny little man we saw this morning, who was apparently searching the whole town trying to buy a twenty-foot flagpole. I just can't get him out of my mind. It seemed such a queer thing to want to buy. And why did it have to be exactly twenty feet?"

Uncle Dick chuckled. "Let's stroll back towards the harbour, and look at the boats," he suggested. "We can get some ice-cream on the way."

Bill nodded vaguely. He was still thinking about the man who was seeking a flagpole.

**T**HEY had overheard him in a café while they were having their morning coffee. He was asking the waitress if she knew where he could buy a twenty-foot flagpole. He had already tried most of the builders' yards and timber merchants in the town without success. It was terribly important, he said, that he should have the pole before four o'clock that afternoon.

Bill couldn't get the memory of it out of his head. Why did the pole have to be twenty feet high? Why was the funny little man so anxious to have it by four o'clock that afternoon?

**A**s the twins and their uncle strolled past the shops of the sea-front Jill stopped to look at some picture postcards.

"We ought to buy one or two views to send home," she said.

Bill smothered a sigh as Jill began to turn the racks of cards. He knew his sister would be ages making up her mind which card to choose. To pass the time he began to read a collection of typed advertisements hanging up in the door of the shop.

Suddenly Bill let out an excited shout.

"Look what it says here! A second-hand flagpole for sale. I wonder if our funny little man knows about it?" he cried.

"Oh, for goodness' sake!" begged Jill.

"I wish I knew why he wanted it," declared Bill.

"You're never likely to see him again, so please try to forget

about him and let's have a little peace," Jill requested.

Jill made her choice and bought her cards. They went into a café next door to have their ice-cream, and then went on towards the harbour.

"Why, there he is!" cried Bill all at once.

**I**T was their funny little man.

He was standing on the harbour wall, and a sun-tanned fisherman was talking to him very angrily and pointing to the mast of a boat.

"If you think I'm going to climb up there to measure how high it is you're mistaken, sir. And in any case it isn't for sale. What use would my boat be without it?"

"But I must get something before four o'clock," cried the little man. "Couldn't I just borrow it? You could have it back tomorrow."

Bill ran forward impetuously.

## 1ST PRIZE: A BICYCLE

CN Competition No 8  
Complete This Week  
Cameras For Runners-Up

HERE is the eighth of C N's weekly competitions, each of which brings a New Bicycle as the chief prize! So take your pens and pencils and see what your entry can do for you!

This week's Bicycle (junior or full-size, as required) will be given to the boy or girl, who can find and name correctly the nine animals hidden in our Zoo picture. One of them is a CROCODILE (hidden between the elephant's front legs). The others? Well, they are all named in this list:

Leopard, Deer, Badger, Tiger, Cat, Seal, Fox, Lynx, Wild Boar, Hedgehog, Lizard, Armadillo, Pig, Cow, Walrus, Bear, Dog, Porcupine, Wolf.

Ensign "Ful-Vue" cameras will be awarded to the five next-best entries. Handwriting and general neatness in relation to age will be taken into account to decide ties for any of the prizes.

All you have to do is to take a postcard, or single sheet of paper, and put your name, address, and age at the top right-hand corner, and underneath make a list of the nine animals you have found hidden in the picture. If you cannot see or recognise them all, send as many as you can find!

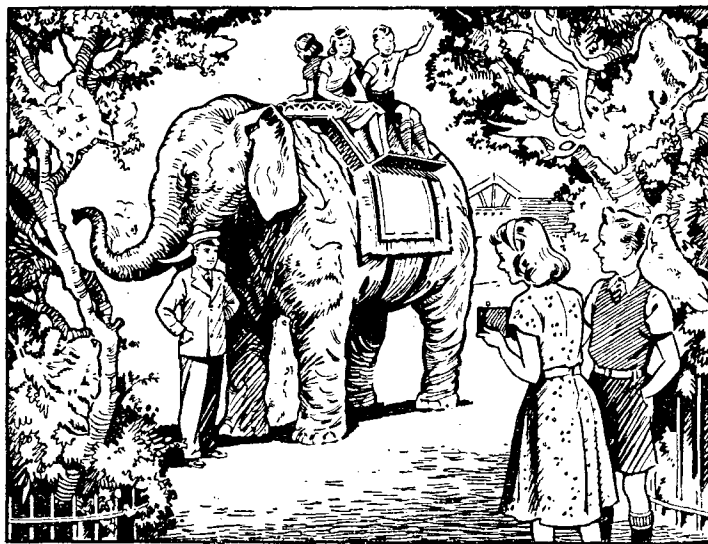
Then cut out and pin or paste the competition token (marked "C N Token," and given at the foot of the back page of this issue), and ask your parent, guardian, or teacher to sign your completed entry as being your own written work. Post to:

CN Competition No 8,  
G P O Box 682,  
The Fleetway House,  
London, E C 4 (Comp.)

to arrive by Friday, July 22.

**N B**—These competitions are open to all readers under 17 in Great Britain, Northern Ireland, and the Channel Islands. No reader may send more than one attempt in each week's competition, to which a C N Token must be attached. The Editor's decision will be final.

## Find the Hidden Animals!



"Excuse me, sir, but if you want to buy a flagpole I know where there is one for sale," he said.

The little man turned on him with a glad cry.

"You do?" he cried. Then he looked doubtful. "But is it twenty feet long?"

"I couldn't tell you that, sir. But if it is too long you could always cut a piece off, couldn't you?"

"We must hurry," said the little man. "There isn't much time."

**T**HEY took him back to the shop, and showed him the advertisement.

"It's all right," he said triumphantly. "Now I must hire a lorry to get it home. Oh dear, how late it is already. It will soon be four. Thank you very much, young man. You have been most helpful."

Bill hesitated. He didn't want things to end like this. He wanted to know more about the pole.

"Isn't there anything else we can do?" he asked. "I mean, the pole will be heavy. You'll need help in putting it up."

The little man chuckled.

"You want to know what it's all about, eh?" he asked. "Well, that's only fair. Come along then!"

It wasn't until the pole had been bought, and put aboard a



## Cookhouse Queue

Senior Girl Scouts from America line up for a meal at the All-England Rangers' Adventure Camp at Hathersage, Derbyshire.

hired lorry, and they were all riding with it through the streets of Scarborough, feeling very important, that the little man found time to begin to explain.

"It all started on the sixteenth of December, 1914," he began. "At eight o'clock in the morning—"

**B**ILL suddenly remembered something his uncle had said when they were on Castle Hill.

"Why, that was when German ships shelled the castle!" he exclaimed.

"Not only the castle, but the town as well. My father was living out Falsgrave way, in a house where I live now, and several shells fell round about. Of course that was in the very early days of the First World War, and no one knew what might happen. It was all very frightening. My father was very worried about the family valuables, silverware and such. He kept hiding it first in one place and then in another, but nothing satisfied him for long until, months afterwards, he decided on a final hiding-place. He put everything in a sack and buried it in the garden. That was on the seventh of July, 1915."

"Thirty-four years ago to this very day!" exclaimed Bill. "But what has all this to do with a flagpole?"

"I'm coming to that," said the little man. "There was a flagpole in the garden then. And to mark the spot he dug the hole at the very spot touched by the end of the flagpole's shadow at four in the afternoon. Now do you see?"

"I'm beginning to," said Bill. "But why wait thirty-four years?"

"Because Father didn't tell anyone what he'd done. He died soon after the first war ended. The flagpole became rotten and was sawn up for logs. Then, just this very week, I came across some old papers left by Father and there it all was, written down. So now you see why I have to have another flagpole, to find out where the shadow will be at four o'clock."

"You needn't have gone to all that trouble!" Bill protested. "A stick of any height would have done. You could work the rest out by trigonometry, you know."

"I never learned any trigonometry," said the little man. "I'll stick to my pole method."

**B**y this time they had reached the house, which was surrounded by lawns enclosed by a mellow brick wall.

The socket where the original

pole had stood was still in the lawn. Between them they soon got the pole into place.

"It's just four o'clock!" cried the little man. "Mark the spot with something."

"There's something wrong!" cried Bill in dismay, and pointed.

The shadow of the pole reached half way up the brick wall!

"Father couldn't have buried anything in the wall!" exclaimed the little man in dismay.

"Are you sure you got the time right?" insisted Bill.

"Four o'clock in the afternoon was the hour," insisted the little man.

Everyone stood and stared gloomily at the wall.

"Somebody must have been playing a joke," said the little man at last with a resigned shrug. "Ah, well, better forget all about it. But before you go you must have tea with me."

It was on the tip of Uncle Dick's tongue to refuse politely, but Jill forestalled him.

"We'd love to have tea!" she exclaimed.

**J**ILL was very silent during tea. She kept glancing at the clock, then out into the garden where the shadow of the pole was moving down the wall and across the lawn.

At five o'clock she jumped up.

"D'you know, I believe that if you dig now you'll find what you're looking for!" she said.

"What good will that do?" demanded Bill. "It's an hour too late. If the old gentleman had meant five o'clock he would have said five and not four."

"Intuition," retorted Jill crisply.

"If you think that our friend is going to ruin his lawn just because of your intuition—" began Bill.

But Jill was so insistent that in the end, to pacify her, they agreed to try. Spades were brought from the toolshed. The little man, Uncle Dick, and Bill began to dig while Jill watched.

**B**ILL gave a sudden cry of excitement.

"There's something here. We've found it!"

"I knew you would," smiled Jill proudly.

"But how did you know there was a mistake of an hour?"

"There was no mistake," retorted Jill. "Daylight saving came in during 1916. Four o'clock before Daylight Saving is five o'clock now!"

Look out for more of Bill and Jill.





## TWO NEW OFFERS

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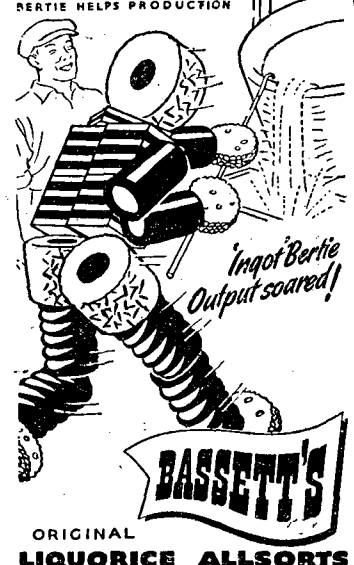
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**WRIGHT'S STAMP SHOP, Dept. 14,**  
Palace Street, CANTERBURY, Kent.



## Planes of Peace

### THIRTY YEARS OF AIRWAYS

PEOPLE aged 30 this year have grown up in a period which may be compared with the growth of railways from George Stephenson's first train of 1825. For British civil flying is 30 years old this summer.

It was in the summer of 1919 that the first British air companies began passenger and air-mail services to Paris, using converted First World War aircraft. The fare for a passenger was £25 single, and the fee for a letter 2s 6d. Today the fare is £8 single, £14 8s return, and letters go for 3d.

Those old passenger planes of what airman call the "stick and string" type had none of the comforts of the modern airliner; they were very noisy and draughty, and the notion of kitchens in planes, and of flying boats with two decks, must have seemed a fantastic dream of the future.

It was in the summer of 1919, too, that the first non-stop flight across the North Atlantic from Newfoundland to Ireland was made by John Alcock and Arthur Whitten-Brown, and also in 1919 that the first flight from Britain to Australia was made by Captain Ross Smith and Lieut Keith Smith—the Smiths were there first as that redoubtable family have so often been elsewhere. It was 15 years, however, before a regular civil air service between Britain and Australia was established; and 20 years had to pass before regular flights across the North Atlantic were begun.

### Amalgamation

Meanwhile, Imperial Airways had been formed, and this was amalgamated with British Airways into BOAC in 1940. Imperial Airways started its first flights from Cairo via Bagdad to Basra at the head of the Persian Gulf in 1926. At that time the pilots on this route had to follow, for 100 miles, a great furrow ploughed in the desert by the R.A.F. The first regular air service to India was established in 1929, and to South Africa in 1932.

Many young people today may never have seen a biplane, but the first really big airliners were of this type; they were the famous Handley Page Heracles and Hannibal class, which caused a great sensation when they first took the air. Eight of these giant biplanes flew seven million miles and never caused injury or death to a single passenger.

Today the British Commonwealth is linked by air, and nearly a million passengers every year travel over the British routes.

### Skilled Shepherdess

A 23-YEAR-OLD shepherdess, Elsie Humphrey, of the lonely village of Brenzett, Kent, was recently the first woman ever to take part in the Romney Marsh sheepdog and shearing trials.

She not only competed with experienced shepherds, but gained two first prizes—one for shearing by removing two 9-pound fleeces from their owners' backs in 40 minutes, the other for wool winding, that is, bundling and tying a fleece.

Miss Humphrey has her own flock of 600 sheep.

## TWELVE HOSTS

### How They Are Being Found

SOME time ago the C.N. described the "School for Diplomats," a lovely Georgian house at Stoke D'Abernon, in Surrey, where young men are tested for their general ability to be British representatives abroad.

A similar kind of school is held every week-end in a delightful country house at Amersham, Buckinghamshire, but this school is for London working lads—members of Boys' Clubs.

Each week-end two boys are selected by their respective clubs to attend the course, being chosen for their general personality, intelligence, and their ability to lead and make decisions.

### The Efficient Way

Once the lads get to Woodrow High House they begin a series of tests under the watchful eye of the supervisor. The tests are varied but they all have one aim: to see each boy's reaction to responsibility, leadership, difficulties, and so on.

Typical of the tests is the test for organising ability. The boys are shown a wrecked outbuilding on the estate and told that it is required for a meeting within 30 minutes.

"Some of them," said the supervisor, "just rush around with terrific energy but have no plan. Others hang about and wait for someone else to provide the initiative. The chap I look for is the one who draws up a plan and sets to work methodically."

These tests will go on all through the summer, and 12 boys will be finally selected as the hosts during the first two weeks in September to some 40 members of Youth Organisations who are coming to Britain from U.S.A., Denmark, Norway, Belgium, Holland, France, Germany—and Scotland. They will live with the English boys, exchanging ideas and suggestions, and explaining the Youth Organisation in their particular country.

They will then spend a further week in London as guests of London Boys' Clubs, visiting the clubs and seeing for themselves what their expert hosts have explained to them.

### Jungle Soccer

A crowd of natives were happily engaged in a game of soccer near Leopoldville, in the Belgian Congo, when suddenly a bull appeared on the forest's edge nearby.

With an angry snort the enraged animal charged on to the field and scattered the players in all directions. Some took refuge in nearby treetops, others fled into the jungle, a few raced for the protection of the nearest house.

Left to itself, the bull started to have a game of soccer all on its own. It pawed the ball, then tossed it, and got angrier than ever when the ball bounced completely out of reach. Cheers from the spectators in the treetops only infuriated the animal all the more.

At last, with a snort and a bellow, it disappeared into the jungle, and the two captains and their men came down from the trees to resume their game of soccer.



Can you do  
**2 good turns**  
at once?

Mother sometimes gives you an odd copper when you do a job for her and this is how you can turn one good turn into two and help the N.S.P.C.C. to help unhappy children. Save up these coppers and, when you've collected 2/6, send it in with the form below, which you should cut out and fill in. This will make you a member of the League of Pity, the Children's Branch of the N.S.P.C.C. The League will then send you a Blue Bird Badge to keep and wear and, on loan, a Blue Egg in which to put your League savings. You can be sure that every penny you earn or collect will help the N.S.P.C.C. to make some poor, ill-treated boy or girl happy. That's a worthwhile target, isn't it?



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The Children's Newspaper, July 16, 1949

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THE PERFECTION OF CONFECTIONS

## A HERO AND HIS STEED Children Help Children

AMONG the beautiful examples of Persian art newly placed on exhibition at the British Museum are two pictures with special appeal for lovers of the heroic in legend and literature. One is a 600-year-old miniature showing the death of Rustam; the second, work of a century later, represents this hero's famous horse, Raksh, saving him from a lion's attack while he lay sleeping.

Rustam is without parallel in the legends of Persia. He was so hearty a baby that he required the food of ten; but his diet nourished him to some purpose. Having secured his marvellous horse after a contest with the animal's mother, he became a national hero. His country's enemies lying defiant in the impregnable mountain city of Sipand, Rustam smuggled in a company of men in cases supposed to contain salt, releasing them at night to conquer the "unconquerable" city—another version of the Trojan wooden horse.

Raksh saved Rustam from the lion; but Rustam in turn saved the horse, among others, from a 50-foot desert dragon and two immensely evil witches.

In the more sober military and diplomatic activities in which Rustam engaged, he rescued his country again and again from peril. He suppressed rebellion and repelled invasion, and rarely has a land been more nobly aided by one of its subjects. Yet his later years were clouded by events as sad as any in Greek tragedy. He and his son met in mortal combat, neither opponent knowing the other, and the son fell to the sword of the unsuspecting father.

It was a proud occasion for Red Cross cadets when the first Junior Red Cross Convalescent Home was opened recently at Broadstairs, Kent, by Lord Woolton, Chairman of the British Red Cross Society.

A beautiful Home with 50 beds as well as playrooms, sunrooms, and so on, Cliff Combe has wonderful views of the sea and gardens. Much of the money to establish it has been collected by Junior Red Cross members.

Cliff Combe is a convalescent home for boys between five and eight and girls between five and 12, for there are many who need special treatment after illness, but are not ill enough to be provided with it under the National Health Scheme. It is also intended as a place to save children from becoming ill.

Young people will play a considerable part in the running of this Home, for some members of the Junior Red Cross will do voluntary work there during their school holidays. Furthermore, girls between the ages of 15½ and 17½ will be able to train at Cliff Combe with a view to taking up nursing.

### MODESTY

THE identity of a young rescuer who did not want his courage acknowledged and praised, was revealed recently by his school cap which he left behind.

He was a 15-year-old lad who happened to be near the Thames at Old Windsor when three men in the water got into difficulties. He dived in and helped to rescue all three. Then he modestly ran off. But floating on the river was seen his Beaumont College cap—with his name, R. Laws.

### BEDTIME CORNER

#### Mr Portly Minds the Baby

ANN and Christopher had a new baby brother. He was called Colin, and they thought he was the darlinest baby they had ever seen. But Mr Portly wasn't so sure.

In fact, soon he became very unhappy, and jealous of Baby Colin. For Ann and Christopher spent so much time watching him having his bottle, and having his bath, and so on, that they seemed to have no time for Mr Portly at all.

And even out in the garden he didn't get his usual games, for they used to take turns in wheeling the pram up and down the lawn.

"This means they don't want me any more," said Mr. Portly to Tinkle at the end of the week. "I shall run away!"

"Don't be silly, young Portly," said Tinkle. "Think up something to make them notice you again."

And the very next morning Mr Portly got a chance of doing so. Baby Colin, who was out in the garden in his pram, woke up and began to cry.

Ann and Christopher were at school, and Mummie was busy dusting the front room and she didn't hear. So Colin went on crying, crying till Mr Portly couldn't bear it any more.

"I know!" he thought, remembering how his own mother had comforted him when he had cried. And he leapt up into the pram and began to wash Baby Colin's face and purr him to sleep.



But the more Mr Portly washed and purred, the more Colin cried. Until at last Mummie heard him and came running.

"Bad cat!" she cried as she picked up the baby and took him in.

But when Ann heard about it, she said: "He was only trying to help, Mummie!" And from that day she was specially nice to Mr Portly again.

Colin has a net over his pram now, which Mr Portly knows means: "Keep out!" But he isn't jealous or unhappy any more.

JANE THORNICROFT

One of the most brilliant forwards that ever came from Scotland...

## Billy Steel

SAYS

"Here's MY way to cross a road"



"It's a forward's job to break through — on the football field. He must be able to dodge the defence — and have plenty of dash. But dodging and dashing is just asking for trouble when you're crossing a road. Here's my way:

- 1 At the kerb — HALT.
- 2 Eyes — RIGHT.
- 3 Eyes — LEFT.
- 4 Glance again — RIGHT.
- 5 If all clear — QUICK MARCH.

"No need to run, because I wait until there is a real gap in the traffic.

"In Soccer, you go all out to win; so of course you take risks—it would be pretty dull otherwise! But traffic's not a game. By taking a chance, you may get killed, or kill someone else. So just use your head, remember you're part of the traffic, learn to be a good Road Navigator, and cross every road the Kerb Drill way."

*Billy Steel*

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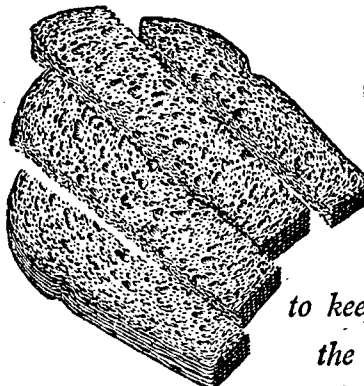
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12

## THE BRAN TUB

### BAD BEGINNING

THE young lawyer was waxing eloquent in his first case.

"Gentlemen of the Jury, there were 24 hogs in that drove; just 24, gentlemen—exactly twice as many as there are in the jury box." The effect can be imagined.

### Poor Percy

POOR Percy stood by the bathing pool—  
It looked so very cold.  
His tutor laughed. "Don't look so scared;  
You come up thrice, I'm told.

"Now what's the first thing you would do  
If you fell o'er the brink?"

Poor Percy looked puzzled for a while.  
Then said "Get wet, I think."

### FARMER GRAY EXPLAINS

THE Gloomy Pine Wood. Entering the pine wood was like walking into another world. The trees grew closely together, shutting out the sunlight, and creating an atmosphere of gloom.

"Funny! Even the birds seem to dislike this wood," commented Don to Farmer Gray.

"There are Wood Ants here, which fact probably discourages birds from nesting here," replied the farmer.

"How could ants harm birds?" asked Don in surprise.

"Ants can climb trees," was the answer. "There are several cases on record of fledglings being devoured in the nest by ants. Consequently, birds do well to avoid ant-infested woods as nesting sites."

### Hidden Measures

In the following verse the names of eight measures of length or surface are concealed.

IN Charles we had a charming friend—  
A cheery, ardent kind of boy.

With Geoff at home, we had good fun.  
We rode our bays—it was a joy.

At football, too, we played with Charles;  
With him I learned to do my best.

Charles was a credit, and it was  
A pleasure to regale a guest.

Answer next week

### PITHY PROVERBS

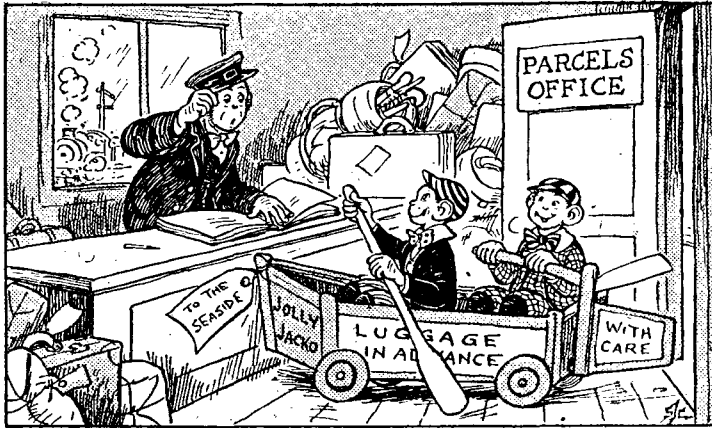
THE snail slides up the tower  
at last though the swallow  
mounts it not.

### RODDY



"You must be careful with that, Daddie—it's what we don't want the dog to catch."

## Jacko Puzzles the Porter



JACKO and Chimp were very proud of the "road-boat" they had made for their holidays. Their glee was somewhat dampened, however, when they showed it to Father Jacko. "If you think we are going to be cluttered up with that old thing you are very much mistaken," he roared. Then our heroes had a bright idea. "We'll send it in advance." No sooner said than done, and they soon bowled into the railway parcels office much to the bewilderment of the poor porter who was completely stumped to give it a name for his ledger.

### COUNTRYSIDE FLOWERS

#### Eyebright

EYEBRIGHT is a pretty little flower which favours downland and hilly pastures. The tiny lilac-tinted flowers are streaked with purple and spotted with yellow. They grow in clusters of four to six on the main stem. The five petals are joined together, forming a funnel. The dark green leaves are egg-shaped, their edges being deeply toothed. Individual plants vary from two inches to a foot in height, according to conditions.

In the past, herbalists used eyebright as a remedy for eye troubles.

### Slippery Dan

THERE was an old man named Dan Garner,  
Who trod on a half-skinned banana.  
When he started to skid  
He was in Old Madrid,  
But he finished in sunny Havana.

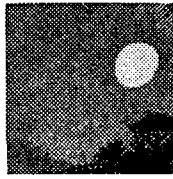
### WHAT AM I?

I'm not so many. When beheaded, lo,  
I am a jug that man for washing fills.  
Without my head and tail, I am alive,  
And tend my lambs, in fields, or on the hills.

Answer next week

### Other Worlds

IN the evening Jupiter is low in the south-east and Venus and Saturn are low in the west. In the morning Mars is in the east. The picture shows the Moon at 6.30 on Thursday morning, July 14.



### KING OF THE BEASTS

ALTHOUGH the lion is generally called the King of the Beasts the tiger has a greater claim to the title. In the jungle the tiger is a much more splendid-looking animal than the lion, which develops a very ragged appearance.

The tiger, too, has more courage and more strength than the lion. It has been calculated that the strength of a lion is equal to that of five ordinary men, and that of a tiger equal to the strength of nine men.

### Twice as Hard

A VERY talkative youth came to Socrates to study oratory. The philosopher charged him double rate as he maintained that he had to teach the youth two sciences—how to speak and how to hold his tongue.

### RAPID RISE

A TRAVELLING tinker from Settle  
Sat down to repair an old kettle.  
But he rose with a shout,  
For he quickly found out  
That he'd taken his seat on a nettle.

## The Children's Hour

BBC Programmes from Wednesday, July 13, to Tuesday, July 19.

WEDNESDAY, 5.0 Gateway to Adventure—Marco Polo.

THURSDAY, 5.0 Baron Bear and the Little Prince (Part 1); Two Planos. 5.30 That Reminds Me—a talk. North, 5.0 Wandering with Nomad; Music; Weather Sayings—a talk. Welsh, 5.0 Programme in Welsh. 5.30 Young Artists; Write Down Your Answers—a Competition in Rhyme.

FRIDAY, 5.0 The Emerald Crown (2). Scottish, 5.0 Snakes—by the Zoo Man; Songs; The Wee Folk of Ruppertsau—a Central European folk-tale; Charles Duncan and his Accordion Band.

SATURDAY, 5.0 Mr Turkey's Party—a story; Things I Wouldn't Have Missed (1); Ulster Rhymes;

Songs. West, 5.0 The Adventures of Clara Chuff (10); Music; Fifty Years Ago in Clifton—a talk.

SUNDAY, 5.0 The Seasons—2 Summer. North, 5.0 Songs; Who Knows Most—a quiz.

MONDAY, 5.0 This Week's Programmes. 5.5 The Tale of Figling Bland (Part 1); He Sang to a Small Guitar; Biffer the Cocker Spaniel (Part 1). North, 5.0 Your Own Hobby—a talk; Incidental Music from Plays; Commonwealth Affairs—a talk.

TUESDAY, 5.0 The Augmented BBC Revue Orchestra. 5.40 Two Exhibitions—a talk on the exhibitions at the Tate and National Galleries. North, 5.0 Northern Young Artists; London Log. Welsh, 5.0 Programme in Welsh.

## Cross Word Puzzle

Reading Across. 1 A seed-case. 4 Enables quick service between kitchen and dining room. 8 A prickle or spine. 10 Inflammation of the eyelid. 11 Accessible. 13 Territorial Army. 14 Trilled. 16 To provoke. 18 Curved bone of a vertebrate. 20 Made of oats. 23 Trade Union. 24 A leg joint. 25 An eastern ruler. 27 A personal satire in writing. 29 Problems. 30 Industrious insect.

Reading Down. 1 A mixture of flour and water. 2 Figure with eight sides. 3 Twenty-four hours. 4 High tension. 5 A nautical salutation. 6 A long slender candle. 7 Egg provider. 9 A snare. 12 The copies of a work published at once. 15 To be bound to pay. 17 Scottish Highlanders. 19 Damaged by fire. 21 A very hard wood. 22 A light sleep. 24 An outfit. 26 Bird now extinct. 28 Manuscript.

Asterisks indicate abbreviations. Answer next week

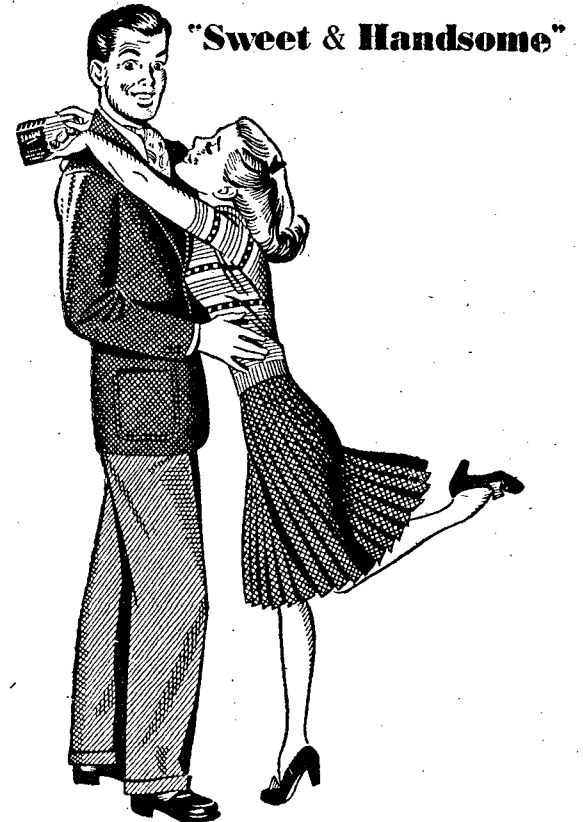
### A VEGETABLE RIDDLE

WHAT did the Seakale see?  
It trembled terribly!  
Twas frightened—it had seen  
The Parsnip nip the Bean!

### LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

Beheading. Roads, roads.

Jumbled Sports. When the jumbled words are rearranged they become: rowing, badminton, tennis, lacrosse, polo, and football.



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